

London's SPEECH

To His Royal Highness

T H E

PRINCE of ORANGE,

On the 20th. of this Instant *December*, 1688.

Presented to his own Hand which he receiv'd very Graciously : And at the Request of some Noble Persons Order'd to be Publish'd.

W hat Force, what Strength can Vanquish Your Alarms,
I f Conqu'ring Heavens thus Protect your Arms ?
L ost in Dispair and Tyranny, we lay
L oaded with Chains of *Rome's* Imperial Sway :
I nfirm for a Defence this Nation stood,
A nd still had been, if thy all-pitying Blood,
M ade no brave Sallys to withstand the Flood.

H elp, help ye Powers ! but Mortals need not Pray ;
E ach Juster God Participates the Fray.
N ow Temples may with Awful Worship stand,
R esults of Joy Crown all the Wishing Land ;
Y ea, *Rome* her self may his kind Will Command.

P eace so desir'd, yet so long absent here,
R evives again, and does its Glory wear :
I ustice abhor'd by none but Unjust Men,
N ow; by your Aid, unsheaths her Sword agen :
C ome on Great Sir, Victorious Prince, outdare
E ach Act of *Rome*, nor all her Malice fear.

O ur after-Age will Consecrate thy Fame
F or this brave Act, for this Extol thy Name.

O h ! to Erect a Fading Churches Head,
R aise like a God, a Nation, though 'twas Dead :
A nd all the Pomp of *Brittish* Glory show ;
N o Man but you, but you could ever do.
G od the chief Healer of our Wounded State,
E ach moment Shroud You from *Rome's* Killing Hate.

F I N I S.